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THE

B R E E C H E S;

OR, THE

COUNTRY CURATE

AND

S I M I L I S

C O B L E R ' S W I F E

A Comic, Satiric, Poetic, Descriptive

T A L E.

L O N D O N.

Sold by S. BLADON, at No. 13, PATER-NOSTER ROW.  
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THE  
B R E C H E S  
AS many of the readers of the following trifle may wish to see the whole of Mr. Smith's Simile, as it stands in his admirable Tragedy of Phædra and Hypolitus; and as there is only a part of the first line cited in a note previous to the opening of the Tale, it is thought adviseable to give it here, for the satisfaction of those who may not, at the time of reading, have it in their power to consult the Play.

AND  
S I M I L E.

So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,  
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;  
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,  
His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung;  
Obscure in coverts lay his dreaming hounds,  
And bay'd the fancied boar with feeble sounds;  
For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,  
And all the HERO to the LOVER yields.



THE  
B R E E C H E S.

A T A L E.\*



SO when the Cobler's Wife display'd her charms,  
The *pious* Curate rush'd into her Arms;  
His fatten breeches on the floor were toft,  
His fermons scatter'd, and his Bible loft;

\* See a simile in Smith's Tragedy of Phædra and Hipolytus, beginning thus:  
"So when bright Venus." A parody of this simile, consisting of eight lines,  
appeared a short time since in a morning paper, which gave rise to the following  
Tale. The poem here sets out nearly in the same words. This acknowledgment  
of the plagiarism, it is hoped, will be thought sufficient for the liberty taken.

B

Of



Of sacred mysteries he had no thought,  
Nor heeded once what holy church hath taught ;  
The jolly paunch his ruddy Vicar bears,  
Excites no longer envious looks and cares ;  
Now patrons, benefices, all give way,  
And yield obedience to Lust's pow'ful sway.  
On dean'ries, bishopricks, he thinks no more,  
For all ambition's center'd in his whore ;  
Fierce raging fire within his bosom burns,  
And all the *priest* into the *lecher* turns.

Yet let the muse not do the Levite wrong ;  
For though his *flesh* is *frail*, his *faith* is *strong*.

Who



Who doubts this truth, needs but to know the man,  
And then — why let him doubt it if he can.

A fycophantic cringe, a carnal eye,  
A tongue for sacred trifles prone to lie;  
A faint-like face, a rueful length of chin,  
A meager carcase, merely cloath'd with skin;  
A spindle leg, a shape so wide from right,  
You'd think his fire begot him in despite.  
In nought did nature *symmetry* regard,  
But form'd the figure from a taylor's yard.  
Now view his gait, now view his prim-curl'd locks,  
And then you'll swear the THING is orthodox.

In



In alehouse near his dreaming clerk was found,  
Who rais'd the fancied stave in feeble found.

Mean while the priest, too much alive to nod,  
In bed of Lust forgets th' avenging rod,  
And in embraces foul insults his GOD.

From town the honest Cobler makes his way,  
And reach'd his dwelling at the close of day;  
An hour at least before his usual time,  
(I wave the reason from a want of rhyme.)  
The wife and priest — no wonder when so hot,  
Straight went to bus'ness, and the bolt forgot.

Upon



Upon the latch, Sim's sturdy thumb was sent : —

The yielding latch uprose, and in he went.

Sore frightened and confounded at the noise,  
The guilty couple think no more of joys ;  
The dread of vengeance from a husband's rage,  
Invades their souls, and all their thoughts engage.  
Forth creeps the parson from th' adult'rous bed,  
And underneath it hides his sinful head ;  
The treach'rous wife most lamentably moans,  
And artful tears succeed to artful groans.

The injur'd husband enters now the room,  
But nothing finds to light him to his doom,  
For all was buried in one common gloom.

C

Now



Now making tow'rds the bed, aloud he bawls,

“What, ho! my sweeting! 'tis thy Simkin calls.

“Why groans my love? and why in bed so soon?”

“Alas!” she cry'd, “I have been here since noon.

“A cruel cholic tears me so, that I,

“Before the night is past, must surely die.”

The unsuspecting husband sigh'd to hear

Such doleful lamentations from his dear;

But in a case so nice what cou'd he do?

He wou'd have freely dy'd to save his Sue.

O'ercome by heart-felt bodings, fears, and cares,

In sad dejection he for bed prepares;—

Pulls



Pulls off his shoes, his garters, and his hose : —

His greasy breeches on the floor he throws.

The wife, on hearing what he was about,

For fee she cou'd not, mournfully cry'd out,

“ Oh! Simkin, Simkin, little did I think,

“ That you wou'd let me die for want of drink!

“ A something warm, perhaps, ere I am lost,

“ Might save my life — and that with little cost.

“ A pint of Tap's fine ale and Holland's gin,

“ With store of spice and sugar mix'd therein,

“ And all made hot — as you know how, my dear,

“ May drive away this cruel cholic here.

“ Do



“Do go, my Sim.”—She groan’d, and said no more.

Away ran Simkin to the outward door ;

But feeling soon a cold, unfriendly air,

He recollects his lower parts are bare :

When turning back, he gropes about the ground,

Till stockings, shoes, and breeches all are found.

But here the foe of man, y’clep’d Old Nick,

Contriv’d to play the priest a scurvy trick ;

A trick to plunge him in a foul disgrace,

And make his flock deride him to his face.

The breeches Simkin on the floor did find,

Were Parson Crape’s, which he had left behind.

The



The Cobler having flipp'd the breeches on,  
Starts forth once more, and for the cordial's gone.  
To Tap, with troubled eye and pallid cheek,  
Which more than well-rang'd words afflictions speak,  
He briefly tells, with undissembled face,  
His present errand, and his wife's sad case.  
“ Make haste,” he cry'd, “and take this shilling, friend,  
“ And, with the change, a glass of brandy send :  
“ I've need of something now to cheer my heart —  
“ Ah ! must my Susan and her Simkin part ! —  
“ I'll stay and take the mixture when 'tis hot ;  
“ And let me have it in a pewter pot.”

D

“ You're



“ You’re right,” said Tap, “ ’twill then retain its  
heat----

“ Warm things are good, and make a cure complete.

“ But what, my friend, has grief so turn’d your head,

“ As not to know what you have just now said ?

“ A shilling! Simkin! why, by this good light,

“ It is a golden guinea, fair and bright.

“ I fear indeed your honest wits are gone! —

“ But where didst get those Breeches you have on ?

“ Will nothing less than fatten please your mind ?

“ To sturdy *buck* you used to be inclin’d ;

“ But



“ But now”--- “ Your wit,” said Sim, “ provokes my

“ spleen,

“ Nor can I for my soul know what you mean.

“ A guinea ! fattin breeches ! --- Tap, you’re mad !

“ ’Tis not for me to be so finely clad.

“ And true it is, a guinea is so rare,

“ Not one does ever come to Simkin’s share.”

“ See here,” said Tap,” “ you filly oaf and ninny,

“ See what you gave me --- Is not this a guinea ?

“ Next look you down, and view those fattin breeches :

“ I fancy they’re the source of these your riches.

“ Come,



“Come, try your luck, and see what G-d has sent ye ;

“Perhaps, on search, you’ll find of guineas plenty.”

Sim lost no time, but felt the pockets o’er,  
When out he drew five glitt’ring guineas more.

Say, gentle Reader, did you ever see,  
Upon the stage, a Ghost, arm’d cap-a-pee,  
Which, in the gloomy horrors of the night,  
Presents itself to Hamlet’s tortur’d fight?

If e’er you did, then think of Hamlet’s start ---  
So started Sim --- for Sim was pierc’d at heart.

“Lend me yon light,” said Sim, “for on my soul,  
“I’ll be reveng’d --- I’ll find his lurking hole.”

Sim



Sim seiz'd a candle, without saying more,  
And in a trice was at his chamber door.  
In frantic manner now he looks around,  
Examines closets, chimney, bed, and ground,  
But all in vain — the Priest cou'd not be found.

When Sim was absent — let it now be said,  
Forth crawl'd the Parson from beneath the bed.  
The trembling sinner, anxious to be gone,  
Feels for his breeches, and puts Simkin's on :  
That done, he to the door next softly steals,  
Then runs as if all hell was at his heels :

E

At



At ev'ry shadow trembles, starts, and stares,  
And, when he's safely kennel'd, falls to pray'rs.

Through all Sim's search, Sue sweated in the sheets,  
And at the end her husband thus she greets :

“ What means my dear? — What have you been  
“ about ?

“ Why all this clutter, all this heavy rout ?

“ I hop'd, ere this, the cordial you'd have brought :---

“ But promises from Sim, I see, are naught.”

“ The *cordial* !” Sim reply'd, “ thou faithless jade !

“ The *cooling draught*, you mean, to spoil your trade.

“ Behold



“ Behold these breeches ! --- See how wond’rous fine !

“ Why these, my dove, are Crape’s, and he has mine.

“ These guineas too, I trust, were left for me :---

“ Or did he leave them as a strumpet’s fee ?

“ No matter which, I’ll surely keep the gold,

“ And pay him int’rest for’t, a hundred-fold.

“ My trusty strap shall do the bus’ness right,

“ And faithfully discharge the debt on sight.

“ And furthermore, my dear and loving wife,

“ I’ll do him justice with my paring-knife.

“ And as for you, my rib, so chaste and pure,

“ A Spanish padlock shall make all secure.”

The



The proofs of guilt that Sim to Sue had shown,  
The threats denounc'd by him in furious tone,  
Determin'd Sue to aim at no defence,  
But own, with *seeming* grief, her late offence.

“ I grant,” she said, “ I have been much to blame ;  
“ The thought of which now covers me with shame.  
“ Ah ! did my Simkin --- did my Simkin know,  
“ But half the misery I undergo,  
“ His tender heart wou'd pity my distress,  
“ Nor should I here remain thus comfortless.  
“ I mean not, Sim, to mitigate a fault,  
“ Which has to wretchedness your Susan brought ;

“ But,



" But know, my dear, I struggled to repel  
 " Each soft allurements tempting to rebel :  
 " And sure, with pious fortitude, I strove  
 " To check emotions of unlawful love,  
 " Yet naught cou'd save me from the fatal snare,  
 " That Satan laid to plunge me in despair.  
 " 'Twas his devices tempted me to sin,  
 " But they shall never tempt me so again.  
 " Forgive your Susan then, my dearest life,  
 " And henceforth she will be your *faithful* wife."

Tears flow'd apace when she these words had said :  
 Sim look'd forgiveness, and went straight to bed.

F

There



There Sufan play'd a well-diffembled part,  
And soon won over Simkin's easy heart.  
What follow'd thence, the modest Muse says not,  
But 'tis suppos'd the Breeches were forgot.  
Nor cares Sim now for taunting fleers and scorns,  
But with the Parson's guineas tips his horns.

F I N I S.